

The
STEPHENSON STATUE
OR
ETHAN ALLEN

JULY 4th. 1873.



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1873.

THE STEPHENSON STATUE
OF
ETHAN ALLEN

EXERCISES

ATTENDING THE

UNVEILING AND PRESENTATION

OF A

Statue of Gen. Ethan Allen

AT

BURLINGTON, VERMONT,

July 4th, 1873,

INCLUDING AN

ORATION BY HON. L. E. CHITTENDEN.



BURLINGTON :

FREE PRESS PRINT.

1874.

EXERCISES
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OF THE
STATUE OF GEN. ETHAN ALLEN,
JULY 4TH, 1873.

The monument to Ethan Allen, in Green Mount Cemetery in Burlington, was erected by the State of Vermont, by authority of an act of Legislature, passed in 1855, which appropriated \$2,000 for that purpose. It is of Barre granite. The base of the pedestal is eight feet square on the ground, and consists of two steps of granite, on which rests a die of solid granite six feet square, in the four faces of which are set panels of white marble bearing the inscriptions.

Above the pedestal rises a Tuscan shaft, of granite, four and a half feet in diameter and forty-two feet high. Upon its capital, on a base bearing the word "Ticonderoga," stands a heroic statue of Allen, eight feet four inches high, modelled by Peter Stephenson, sculptor, of Boston, now deceased, and cut in Italy. The monument is protected by a fence of original design, the corner posts of which are iron cannon and the pales muskets, with bayonets, resting on a base of cut granite.

The inscriptions are as follows :

(On the West face.)

VERMONT
to
ETHAN ALLEN
BORN
in Litchfield Ct 10th Jan A D 1737
DIED
in Burlington Vt 12th Feb A D 1789
and buried near the site of
this monument

(On the North face.)

The
Leader of the Green Mountain Boys
in the Surprise and Capture of
TICONDEROGA
which he demanded in the name
of the Great Jehovah and the
Continental Congress

(On the East face.)

Taken
Prisoner in a daring attack on Montreal
and transported to England
he disarmed the purpose of his enemy
by the respect which he inspired
for the
REBELLION AND THE REBEL

(On the South face.)

Wielding
the pen as well as the sword, he was the
Sagacious and intrepid
DEFENDER
of the New Hampshire Grants, and
Master Spirit
in the arduous struggle which resulted in the
Sovereignty and Independence
of this State

The History of the Stephenson statue of Ethan Allen, previous to its inauguration at Burlington, July 4th, 1873, is concisely related in the address of Hon. John N. Pomeroy, of the Committee for the erection of a monument over the grave of Gen. Allen, to be found in the following pages.

When word had been received from Italy of the completion of the statue and its approaching shipment to this country, it became necessary to make proper arrangements for its erection. It was deemed proper to connect with this some formal ceremonies of presentation and inauguration, and that the State of Vermont, as such, should, through its Executive and other officials, recognize the occasion.

To this end, His Excellency Julius Converse, Governor of Vermont, on the 13th of March, 1873, appointed the following gentlemen, all of Burlington, a Committee to make arrangements for the Inauguration of the Statue :

LUTHER C. DODGE, Mayor of the City of Burlington,
 Hon. EDWARD J. PHELPS, of Burlington,
 Hon. WILLIAM G. SHAW, of Burlington,
 Hon. GEO. GRENVILLE BENEDICT, of Burlington.

The Committee accepted the appointment and held their first meeting at the house of E. J. Phelps, in Burlington, March 26th, 1873.

The Committee organized by the choice of L. C. Dodge as Chairman and G. G. Benedict as Secretary, and increased its number by adding the following gentlemen to the Committee :

HON. F. C. KENNEDY, of Winooski,
 EDWARD W. PECK, Esq., of Burlington,
 WILLIAM A. CROMBIE, Esq., of Burlington,
 WARREN ROOT, Esq., of Burlington.

At subsequent meetings the following gentlemen were appointed as a General State Committee of Arrangements :

GENERAL COMMITTEE OF ARRANGEMENTS.

Ex-Gov. John W. Stewart, Hon. Geo. W. Grandey, Addison Co.

Hon. A. B. Gardner, Hon. M. S. Colburn, Bennington Co.

Henry Chase, Esq., Hon. Horace Fairbanks, Caledonia Co.

Hon. Jed P. Clark, Henry Gillett, Esq., Chittenden Co.

Hon. Geo. N. Dale, Hon. T. G. Beattie, Essex Co.

Hon. Worthington C. Smith, Dr. Geo. M. Hall, Franklin Co.

Rev. O. G. Wheeler, Hon. Giles Harrington, Grand Isle Co.

Waldo Brigham, Esq., Hon. Asa R. Camp, Lamoille Co.

C. W. Clarke, Esq., Hon. Roswell Farnham, Orange Co.

J. L. Edwards, Esq., Hon. Elijah Cleveland, Orleans Co.

Hon. Pitt W. Hyde, John Cain, Esq., Rutland Co.

Ex-Gov. Paul Dillingham, Hon. Daniel Baldwin, Washington Co.

J. H. Williams, Esq., Ex-Gov. Frederick Holbrook, Windham Co.

Hon. William Rounds, Paul D. Dean, Esq., Windsor Co.

The Fourth of July, 1873, was selected as the day for the Inauguration.

Hon. LUCIUS E. CHITTENDEN, of New York, was elected Orator.

Gen. George P. Foster, of Burlington, was elected Grand Marshal of the Day.

Subordinate Committees on Invitations, Printing, to procure Subscriptions of Funds, to arrange with the Governor and Adjutant General for the presence of the First Regiment of State Militia, to arrange with the Secretary of War for the presence of the Company of U. S. Troops stationed at Plattsburgh, to select location and erect a suitable platform for the speakers and guests of the day, and for other purposes, were appointed.

The City Council of Burlington, Vt., made an appropriation of \$500 towards defraying the expenses of the celebration. The Central Vt. Railroad Company, the Champlain Transportation Company, the hotel proprietors, and many citizens, contributed liberally to the funds of the Committee.

On the 14th of June, 1873, the following gentlemen, of Burlington and Winooski, were added to the local Committee of Arrangements :

| | |
|-------------------|---------------------|
| Gen. W. W. HENRY, | Gen. J. L. BARSTOW, |
| WARREN GIBBS, | BRADLEY B. SMALLEY, |
| ELMORE JOHNSON, | G. S. APPLETON, |
| C. H. BLODGETT, | C. W. WOODHOUSE, |
| J. B. SMALL, | E. W. CHASE, |
| L. B. PLATT, Jr., | Hon. A. J. CRANE, |
| D. C. BARBER, | D. C. LINSLEY, |
| W. S. GREENE. | |

A level field of twelve acres, adjoining Green Mount Cemetery on the west, was selected for the accommodation of the audience at the Inauguration services. A platform, with chairs for three hundred persons, and covered with an awning, was erected. In front of the platform seats of capacity to seat fifteen hundred ladies were constructed.

The President and Vice President of the United States, the General and Lieutenant General of the U. S. A., the Governor of New York, and the Governors of the New England States, the Ex-Governors of Vermont, the Judges of the Supreme Court of Vermont, the Senators and Representatives of Vermont in Congress, the prominent State Officials of Vermont, the Soldiers of the War of 1812 surviving in the vicinity, and other distinguished citizens of Vermont and other states, were invited to be present as guests of the citizens of Burlington.

The unveiling of the Statue took place on the day set, July 4th, 1873, in the afternoon.

THE PROCESSION.

The procession formed on the Square, in front of the City Hall, under the direction of Gen. George P. Foster, Chief Marshal, aided by the following Assistant Marshals :

Col. C. D. Gates, of Cambridge, Vt.; Col. C. F. Spaulding, Burlington; Maj. A. Austin, Winooski; Capt. John J. Bain, Capt. George Simpson, C. W. Drew, Thomas Failey, Oliver Lamora, Burlington; E. A. Morton, St. Albans, C. J. Bell, Walden, Vt.

The procession moved at 2 o'clock, in the following order :

1. Detachment of the City Police of Burlington, under command of Luman A. Drew, Chief of Police.
2. St. Albans Drum Corps, and "Queen City" Band.
3. First Regiment Vt. Militia, (National Guard of Vermont,) Col. Theo. S. Peck commanding.

In the centre of the regimental column were drawn the two brass field pieces, of revolutionary memory, taken by Gen. Stark, at the battle of Bennington, August 16th, 1777. These had been sent from Montpelier by order of the Governor. They were guarded by a detachment of sixteen men dressed in the continental uniform of cocked hat, dress coat, buff vest, and knee breeches.

4. Governor Converse and his Staff, consisting of Surgeon-General J. M. Currier, and Colonels Percival W. Clement of Rutland, Albert A. Fletcher, of Bridport, Nathan S. Clark, of Randolph, and Alex. G. Watson, of Burlington, Aides-de-Camp; Lieutenant-Governor Taft, Adjutant-General Peck and Quartermaster-General Lynde,—in carriages.

5. Brevet Major-General Richard Arnold, U. S. A., Major-General B. S. Roberts, Major-General Geo. J. Stannard, Major-General Wm. Wells, Brig.-General Stephen Thomas, and other general officers of the late war, in carriages, escorted by Company G, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A., Capt. J. A. Fessenden commanding.

6. The Orator of the day, Hon. L. E. Chittenden, of New York; the Chaplain, President M. H. Buckham; Hon. J. N. Pomeroy, of the Committee on the monument and statue; Ex-Governors John Gregory Smith and John W. Stewart, in carriages.

7. Invited Guests, in carriages, among whom were Rev. Dr. Bouton, of Concord, President of the New Hampshire Historical Society; Hon. Luke P. Poland, M. C.; Hon. James Barrett and Hon. Timothy P. Redfield, of the Supreme Court of Vermont; Hon. T. W. Park, John G. McCullough, Esq., Hon. A. B. Gardner, Hon. H. G. Root, of Bennington; Hon. Elijah Cleveland, of Coventry; Albert M. Wadhams, of Goshen, Ct., a son of the widow of Joseph Allen, brother of Ethan Allen; Gen. H. H. Baxter, Rutland; Gen. P. P. Pitkin, of Montpelier; Capt. Chas. A. Curtis, U. S. A., Professor in Norwich University, and others.

8. Hon. L. C. Dodge, Mayor, and the Board of Aldermen of the City of Burlington, and Members of the Committee of Arrangements, in carriages.

9. Soldiers of the war of 1812, as follows:

Caleb E. Barton, Charlotte, served under Col. Williams, aged 79.

Jonathan Lyon, Shelburn, of Capt. H. Barnes' company, Vermont Militia, aged 82.

Kelly Ranslow, Shelburn, sergeant in Captain R. Nilson's company, Vermont Militia, aged 80.

Pitt E. Hewett, Charlotte, of Captain M. Brow's company, Vermont Militia, aged 79.

William Ballou, Williston, Captain O. Lowery's company, Vermont Militia, aged 81.

Timothy Burdick, Underhill, of Captain Bliss's company, Eleventh Infantry, aged 84.

Ira Hill, Isle La Motte, of Captain Pettis' company, Vermont Militia, aged 76.

Russell Lawrence, Burlington, of Captain Saxe's company, Vermont Militia, aged 80.

John Moses, Hinesburgh, of Captain Clark's company, Eleventh Infantry, aged 78.

John Parker, Colchester, of Captain Smead's company, Eleventh Infantry, aged 77.

J. B. Hollenbeck, Burlington, of Captain Stone's company, Vermont Militia, aged 80.

Heman Hosford, Charlotte, aged 80.

Luman Case, Bristol, aged 81.

William T. Clark, Rutland, aged 79.

Ira Dickinson, Underhill, of Captain Sandford's company, Thirtieth United States Infantry, aged 79.

Orange Phelps, Milton, of Captain Mansfield's company, Vermont Militia, aged 81.

10. Officers of the Vermont Department of the Society of the Grand Army of the Republic, in carriages, as follows :

Col. W. G. Veazey, Rutland, Department Commander.

Lieut. J. H. Goulding, Rutland, Adjutant General.

Col. L. G. Kingsley, Rutland, Quartermaster General.

Capt. Fred E. Smith, Montpelier, Inspector.

Col. H. S. Hard, Arlington ; Col. Albert Clarke, St. Albans ; E. J. McWain, West Randolph, Council of Administration.

R. J. Coffey, Waitsfield ; J. J. Pratt, Montpelier ; Major J. A. Salisbury, Rutland ; Col. Kittredge Haskins, Brattleboro, Aides-de-Camp.

11. Sherman Cornet Band, of Winooski.

12. The Burlington Post Standard of the Grand Army of the Republic, and Veterans of the late war.

13. Civic Societies, including the Society of St. John the Baptist, St. Joseph's Society, and the Hibernian Society, of Burlington.

14. St. Mary's Cornet Band, of Burlington.

15. The Fire Departments of Burlington and Winooski, led by Chief Engineer H. S. White, in the following order :— Boxer Engine Co., Winooski Steamer Co., Ethan Allen Engine Co., Volunteer Hose Co., Star Hose Co., Howard Hose Co., Clipper Hose Co., Barnes Hose Co.,—all in uniform.

16. Citizens in carriages, the number of carriages being estimated at five hundred.

The procession marched around the Square, thence through College street to Colchester Avenue, and through Colchester Avenue to Green Mount Cemetery. Here a large concourse of citizens of both sexes had assembled. Including those in the procession it was estimated that about ten thousand persons were on the ground.

THE INAUGURATION SERVICES.

Hon. L. C. Dodge, Mayor of Burlington, presided. The services opened with an impressive prayer by the Chaplain, President M. H. Buckham, of the University of Vermont.

The Hymn "God and our Country," composed by Oliver Wendell Holmes, was next sung by a choir of twenty male voices, furnished by the St. Albans Glee Club and the Harmonic Society of Burlington, to music specially composed for the occasion by S. C. Moore of Burlington.

The unveiling of the Statue followed. At a signal gun, fired from a twenty-pound brass field-piece, the drapery which had covered the marble parted and dropped, disclosing the fine proportions and spirited attitude of the Statue, amid the cheers of the multitude. The soldiers saluted the Statue, by presenting arms; and the formal presentation followed, by Hon. John N. Pomeroy, of the original Commission for the erection of the monument.

ADDRESS OF THE HON. JOHN N. POMEROY.

To His Excellency Governor Julius Converse :

HONORED SIR:—It is an appropriate and happy coincidence of events, which unites the celebration of the declaration of our National Independence with the Inauguration of a heroic statue, in marble, in honor of the man, who in advance of that immortal declaration, struck the first aggressive blow upon the enemy in the surprise and capture of the important fortress of Ticonderoga. And it is a happy day for those intrusted with the accomplishment of this honorary work of art, interesting and gratifying as was its object, to be relieved of the duties and responsibilities that trust imposed, and to give an account of their stewardship.

When the granite column, erected to the memory of Ethan Allen in this cemetery, was completed, the committee who had had that work in charge (the Hon. George P. Marsh and the one who now addresses you) procured the passage of an act of the Legislature authorizing the erection of a heroic statue in granite or marble upon the capstone of the monument, without expense to the State. To the same committee was given, by said act, the charge of the contemplated work; and, little anticipating the years that might be required to accomplish it, they at once entered upon its duties—called upon the artists of the country for designs, and undertook to raise the necessary funds by a contribution of one dollar each, from Vermonters. To Mr. Larkin G. Mead, at that time a promising young sculptor of Brattleboro, was awarded the preference in design, and he accordingly executed a model, which was approved and adopted by the committee, and he was expected to commence work on the marble as soon as the funds would justify it. The experiment for raising the money was not successful and fell far short of the estimated expense of the work—and in the meantime, the Legislature, after declining an appropriation of one thousand dol-

lars in aid of this object, appropriated the sum of two thousand dollars for a statue in marble of the same patriot; and taking the model and artist that the committee had selected, and the block of marble which had been proffered them, caused to be made a statue, which now stands in the Capitol of the State. The discouraging effect of this course, with the absence of Mr. Marsh as our Minister to Italy for the last twelve years (though still continuing his interest in the work and his position as one of the committee), the war of the rebellion, which for years absorbed nearly all other interests, and the great disparity between our funds and the demands of the artists, must account for, if not excuse, the long delay in the consummation of the work of the committee. But this delay was not without its compensations, as will appear from a statement of our funds, which have in the meantime been profitably invested. The amount received from the first contribution, which terminated on the 1st of January, 1861, was six hundred and fifty-four dollars and thirty-two cents; the amount received on the subscription of November, 1870, was five hundred and eighty-one dollars; making the whole amount received by the committee from contribution and subscription, for this object, thirteen hundred and sixty dollars and twenty-four cents. This sum, with the accruing interest, amounted on the 1st of January last to the sum of twenty-seven hundred and nine dollars and two cents; which with the interest since accrued, (there being no charge by the committee for their services) will cover the whole expense of the statue and leave a small balance in the hands of the committee, which if not otherwise ordered, will be permanently funded to defray the expense of keeping in order the Statue, monument and grounds. It is but just to say that for these original subscriptions and contributions, we are largely indebted to the patriotic exertions of Mr. Warren Root of this city.

The statue was modeled after a design of Peter Stephenson, of Boston, now deceased, a sculptor distinguished by many

works of art, particularly a statue of the "Wounded Indian," which was exhibited and much admired at the great exhibition in London in 1851. As no likeness of Ethan Allen was known to exist, and no information could be expected from any remaining contemporary, the resemblance of the design to the original is only such as his age, current tradition and the imagination of the artist would suggest. The time selected by the artist to be represented in the statue, was when Ethan Allen, on the 10th day of May, 1775, at the age of thirty-eight years, made the world-renowned demand for the surrender of Ticonderoga "in the name of the Great Jehovah and the Continental Congress!" And the artist has succeeded in presenting the manly form and appropriate expression of one who is earnestly making a solemn demand—with his left hand pointing upward, indicating his High Authority, and with his right grasping his sword as the means of enforcement, while at his feet, a military mortar characterizes the act as one of civilized warfare. This design, under a contract with the committee, made in January, 1872, has been embodied in a marble statue eight feet and four inches in height, wrought at Carrara, Italy, by the firm of Cassoni and Isola of Carrara and New York, and by them transported and placed where it now stands on yonder granite column—a splendid specimen of monumental marble and sculptural art.

In the bottom of the granite pedestal of the statue is placed an air-tight casket of lead, in which is deposited for the gratification of some future and far off age, the act authorizing the statue; the report of the Committee on the completion of the monument; the "Narrative of Ethan Allen," Hugh Moore's Memoir, and Sparks' Life of Ethan Allen; the literary periodicals and magazines of the day, illustrated and otherwise; Hon. L. E. Chittenden's address before the Vermont Historical Society, on the capture of Ticonderoga; the newspapers of the State and of many of the cities; Tyndall's and other lectures; the Tribune Almanac; Appleton's Railroad Guide; Walton's

Vermont Register ; specimens of our paper currency ; photographs of the hand-writing and autograph of Ethan Allen ; various garden and agricultural seeds ; and the programme of this celebration.

And now, honored sir, this statue, in honor of one of our most distinguished heroes, having been completed and placed upon the monument for which it was designed, and the functions of the committee in this behalf having ceased, it remains to us but to formally execute the purpose of the contributors and present the same, as we hereby do, to the State he so dearly loved, and which you, sir, so honorably represent. And long may it stand over the sacred ashes of the patriot soldier—the ornament of this beautiful spot on the banks of the Winooski appropriately backed by the Green Mountains on the east, and boldly facing the Adirondacks on the west—in view of that rural retreat where at the age of fifty-two years he died, and of that beautiful and historic Lake which ninety-seven years ago bore him and his Green Mountain boys to the bold assault upon Ticonderoga, and which still washes its interesting ruins. Yes, sir, long may it stand on its granite pedestal, through the coming centuries, to bear testimony to the high appreciation of a grateful people of one, who, with an ever active and dauntless spirit, by the pen and voice as well as the sword, warred against the most desperate and powerful enemies successfully, and largely contributed to the establishment of a State and the Independence of a Nation ! And when time and storms shall crumble this stately column and statue, as crumble they must, and the antiquarian of the future shall explore the ruins and develop the contents of the leaden casket they enclosed, may it be divulged to a free and noble people, who shall still recognize this GLORIOUS ANNIVERSARY, and cherish the memory of
ETHAN ALLEN.

To this address Governor Converse responded as follows :

GOVERNOR CONVERSE'S RESPONSE.

Mr. Pomeroy :—

In the name and behalf of the State of Vermont, it becomes my duty, as it certainly is my pleasure, to accept the munificent gift you have so gracefully and cordially tendered to our State.

I do, therefore, in the name of the State, and in presence of this vast assemblage of our fellow citizens, most gratefully accept the same.

In the hearing of this "cloud of witnesses," I also declare the sincere and unaffected thanks of the State for the same. Without hesitation I assure you, sir, and the noble gentlemen with whom you are associated, that this announcement finds ready response in the heart of every Vermonter, as well as every patriot in our nation. Permit me to assure you personally, that this most valued and acceptable gift excites a keener relish from the eloquent and cordial manner in which it has been presented. It challenges our admiration as well as stirs our patriotism.

As an assurance of the just appreciation with which this honored gift is received, in the name of the State I promise that the same shall be vigilantly guarded and tenderly cherished as long as the marble shall endure, or deeds of noble daring shall find admirers amongst the brave and the good. For all this I tender you, before these witnesses, *the best of security, —I pledge you the honor, the bravery and the patriotism of Vermont.*

The Governor spoke with great vigor, and his closing pledge was endorsed by the hearty applause of the audience.

After martial music, the orator of the day, Hon. Lucius E. Chittenden, of New York, great-grandson of Thomas Chittenden, of honored memory, the first Governor of Vermont, was introduced and welcomed with applause.

MR. CHITTENDEN'S ORATION.

There is one Republic which is not ungrateful. Vermont this day records her gratitude to one of her founders, upon crystalline granite and unsullied marble, the visible monument of a record graven in the memories of her people, in characters as imperishable as her everlasting hills. By these imposing ceremonies, to which she has contributed all the glory and splendor which the growth of a century enables her to bestow, she proclaims her obligation and fulfills her promise to those who serve her well. In this act of consecration, no one of her children willingly fails to bear his part. Party and sect, creed and platform, are silent beside this moss-grown grave; and within the limits of human civilization there is no Vermonter's heart that does not beat with a warmer thrill at the thought of this one deed of grateful remembrance, that does not unite with us in spirit in its public manifestation. Let us study the lesson it teaches, and find, if we may, the origin and foundation of the universal honor of Vermonters for the memory of ETHAN ALLEN.

Through all historic time, emigration has moved westward in an almost unbroken wave. Since it washed the foot of Calvary, it has borne upon its crest the symbol of the Cross, and seems destined to keep it there until the world-wide circuit is completed. But the emigration which planted our commonwealth seems to have been wholly exceptional. It is not to be accounted for upon the ordinary principles of human action. The wave was sweeping over the continent, carrying before it into their graves, tribes, nations and peoples. All the west, with its broad savannas and genial seasons—rich in pasturage and abounding in indigenous products, was open to settlement. Here, there were no such inducements. Here were no rivers to become highways of trade, upon whose banks were to rise

the commercial rivals of Tyre and Venice—no rich mines of gold and silver to tempt cupidity, no nations to conquer, no wealth or fame to acquire. This land was an uninhabited wilderness, with a hard climate and unyielding soil. He who would subdue it, must bring with him subsistence until his first harvest: and before that could be planted his own hands must clear away the growth of a thousand years.

I know the common tradition—that our ancestors were soldiers attracted here by what they had seen of the country in their Indian campaigns. But what attractions could have met a soldier's eye as he tracked his wily enemy through these pathless woods? Dense forests, masses of fallen timber, rocky hillsides, and torrents foaming through obstructed courses, were visible everywhere. Strange attractions these! And yet there were inducements to emigrate hither, more powerful than the precious stones of Ophir or the wealth of the Sierras, to the best enterprise of New England. Here was at least an unoccupied country, remote from all factitious sources of government or power, where a Republic might be founded upon principles of natural right and justice, of civil and religious liberty. They came hither. If these were not the inducements to their coming, it was simply providential.

We are accustomed to look upon the early settlers of Vermont as rude, unpolished men; and therein we do them some injustice. They possessed few of the graces of cultivated society, it is true: and their means of primary education, as we understand the term, were very limited. But on this western continent there was no better class of men. They were the most enterprising of the young citizens of the older New England colonies—none others would have breasted the dangers and borne the hardships of pioneer life on this remote frontier. Where teachers were not, they taught themselves. They could read and write; and one thing all of them could do, better than most of us who have had modern advantages—*they could think!* The process of self-education in those days produced some

remarkable anomalies. They were wretched grammarians. Some, who could construct a bridge upon mathematical, or lay out a fort on geometric principles, could not write a compound sentence correctly to save their lives. Others, who had never mastered the primary rules in arithmetic, wrote very good treatises upon constitutional law. Their orthography was very poor, but they were well informed in history and the current events of the day, and there were few among them who had not a well-grounded political faith, for which they could give sound reasons.

Among these early emigrants came Ethan Allen. Born in Litchfield, Conn., of parents who held the faith of the Established Church, he was the eldest of a large family of children and the one selected for a collegiate education. The death of his father in straitened circumstances, obliged him to abandon its pursuit in his eighteenth year, and before the completion of his preparatory studies. At that early age he showed an aptitude for polemical discussion, and took great interest in the political questions which excited the American Colonies. He had read such books of history as were within his reach, and these were more numerous than is commonly supposed. We have his own declaration that he had "acquainted himself with the history of mankind;" and that "his sincere passion for liberty had led him to read the history of nations who had yielded up their liberties to tyrants, with philosophical horror." His compulsory abandonment of academic hopes was a bitter disappointment; and this it was which induced him to follow the life of a hunter for several years. During this time we have but little account of his life. We only know that the latter part of the years was passed among the mountains and forests of the New Hampshire Grants, where he first came into public notice in the year 1769.

Occasions make men. Human necessities create the materials for their own supply. Events were at this time trans-

piring, which were suited to bring Ethan Allen into the foreground. The settlers upon the Grants had bought their lands of the British Crown, acting through one of its appointed agents, who was in possession, with the limits of his claim declared to and acquiesced in by all the world. The maps of the time, published under the eye of the British Court, and circulated through all the Colonies, indicated the middle of Lake Champlain as the western boundary of New Hampshire. With implicit confidence in the authority of this agent to give them a good title, these settlers had paid for these lands in hard-earned money—had entered upon them, felled the forests, planted their crops and established their homes. Another agent of the same Royal Master denied the right of the first and asserted his own. The settlers looked upon this conflict of claim as a mere question of colonial jurisdiction, and left the agents to fight it out between themselves. They did not dream that it involved the title to their property and the rights of civil government. They were not much disturbed, even, when they learned that the Royal Council decided it in favor of New York, deeming it of small consequence whether their Governor ruled his little court at Portsmouth or Albany.

But their awakening was sudden and thorough, when they learned that the Colonial officials of New York had ignored their rights and begun to partition their homesteads among their own partners and parasites. Imagine the indignation which thrilled their souls, when informed that they must buy these homes over again from the speculators of another colony! and be governed, not by officers of their own election, but by the appointees of the court ring in a distant capital! Submission was never again thought of; resistance was as natural as the breath they drew. But they were few in number and widely scattered, and without organization. Their great want was a leader, bold, energetic, fearless, in full sympathy with them, completely imbued with the justice of their cause. Without such a leader, they must surrender at discretion. With him they might

secure—at all events they could fight for—their homes and fire-sides. Where should they find him? The call went forth, and Ethan Allen leaped to the front, as suddenly and as completely armed as Minerva sprang from the front of Jove!

To think evil of others, is the characteristic of narrow minds. Allen's estimate of men was generous and charitable. He knew that the list of grantees under the Colonial authority of New York comprised members of the Assembly, and other high officials of the judicial and legislative departments of the government. But he took it for granted that the New York courts were honest and impartial, and beyond the reach of improper influences. His first impulse was to meet the new army of claimants before the courts of New York, the tribunals of their own selection, not only with right and justice on his side but with law and lawyers. It did not occur to him as possible, that when the case was finally presented to these courts, the rights of the settlers would not prevail. He, therefore, hurried away to his old home, and retained one of the most able counsellors in Connecticut; went with him before the New York Judges, and pleaded the Royal grant purchased and paid for with the money of the grantees, in answer to the suits of the Yorkers. To his astonishment, so profound that for the moment it took away his power of remonstrance, the grant was rejected as waste paper, and judgment was pronounced for the claimants. In the flush of his victory the king's attorney approached Allen and offered him advice without a fee. "You had better go home," he said, "and advise your people to make the best terms they can with their landlords, for might often prevails against right."

Allen answered his proverb with another: "The gods of the hills are not the gods of the valleys." The reply was as incomprehensible to the attorney as the Sibylline leaves. He was referred to Bennington for its interpretation. But twenty years elapsed before the jokers learned that it was as true as it was terse and appropriate.

To this decision of the courts of New York, Vermont owes her political existence. It was a fortunate one for the settlers, although it was an outrage upon justice, opposed to the colonial policy of the British Cabinet, and of doubtful propriety upon the narrow technicalities of law. It was public notice to them, that they had nothing to hope from New York, save what their own strong arms could secure and defend. New Hampshire had not the ability to undertake their cause if she had the will. An appeal to Great Britain was expensive and dilatory, and would not stay their ejection. They decided to take it, however, and pending its determination they also decided to defend their possessions. On one side was the loss of their homes and their self-respect, submission to injustice, poverty and beggary. On the other an appeal to the higher law. The responsibility was grave, but they took it without hesitation. The prosecution of the appeal was confided to lawyers—the defence of possession of the settlers was undertaken by **ETHAN ALLEN**. Allen did not underestimate the magnitude of the work before him. He saw that it would demand all his energies, and that until the contest was ended, for him there would be no rest. He made the scattered settlements ring with the note of preparation. Organization was the business of the hour. Every neighborhood must produce a military company. From the day of the decision he gave himself to the public service, without hope or promise of reward. He was sleepless and untiring. One day he was in Connecticut, enlisting the material aid of his old neighbors or arranging with the lawyers to prosecute the appeal to the privy council; the next he was holding a meeting in a distant settlement, and telling the people what they must do. Here he is hunting a New York surveyor, there resisting the sheriff and his posse. One hour he holds a court for the trial of a tory justice, the next he is executing sentence with the twigs of the wilderness; everywhere he is arranging signals for a swift concentration of his men upon any threatened point. Before his purpose is fairly known to the enemy, he has organized the

Green Mountain Boys—he is their leader and the people are saved.

His activity calls down upon him the resentment of the speculators. He is the head and front of the resistance to their schemes. If words could kill he was slain a score of times every day. They look upon him as their only obstruction. They denounce him as a rebel, the leader of the mob, a felon, an outlaw. Their rage renders them insane. They disgrace their legislation by an act which condemns him without a trial, a proclamation which invites his assassination and offers a reward for his murder. From his mountain fastness he hurls back defiance and execration. “You are a jesuitical, cowardly junto of schemers,” he exclaims, “not used to danger, hardships or war, and dare not fight for your own claims. Your way is to deceive, cheat and overreach the commonalty. These are your horns of iron, and with them do you push!” Their law and proclamation enrages him. “Your new-fangled law corresponds with the depravedness of your minds and morals. It is an emblem of your insatiable, avaricious, overhearing, inhuman, barbarous blood-guiltiness of disposition. If you come forth in arms against us, thousands of your injured neighbors in the several provinces will join with us to cut off and extirpate such an execrable race from the face of the earth.”

Such language is not to be commended for its polish or refinement. But when we consider that Allen's purpose was to arouse the whole people to defend themselves, and not to compete for a prize in literary composition, it cannot be said that these rough words were not suited to the attainment of his object.

Added to the privations of frontier life and the defence with strong hand of their possessions against a grasping, covetous enemy, with the apparent prestige of law against them, there now came to the people of the Grants the imperious necessity of a civil government. The idea of a separate colony

had not yet been conceived, or if it occurred, was dismissed as impracticable against the opposition of New York, represented by powerful agents constantly at the British court. They were outside of all acknowledged civil jurisdictions; but here, as elsewhere, there were human passions to be restrained, civil rights to be enforced, life and property to be protected, crimes to be punished.

In all the eventful history of Vermont, there is nothing more admirable than the conduct of her people in this crisis. We scarcely know which is the more worthy of commendation—the dignity and prudence with which the leaders established their temporary government, or the united alacrity with which the people accepted and obeyed it. It is an illustration of the capacity of the people worth volumes of speculation. In that little “square room” of the Bennington tavern, with no experience in legislation, a few plain farmers held councils which would have been no discredit to Whitehall, Berlin or Fontainebleau. There they organized a state, and for years gave it all the legislation it required. Their wisdom perpetuated what the courage of Allen and his men could only protect and defend.

The hour of trial and great temptation for these grantees was coming. The shadow of tyranny which long had hung over the American colonies, grew darker and heavier, until it threatened to shut out every ray of the sun of freedom. Every act of submission became the pretext for some new oppression, until, overwhelming all their hopes and desires, the conviction came upon the people that they had no rights which their oppressors felt bound to respect. Rebellion is a hard and cruel word. Good men dislike to bear its odium. It has stricken many a patriot as pure, and cause as righteous, as ever sword was drawn to defend. England was the mother country, their home, the land of their fathers, the realm of their pride. Lofty courage, strong self-denial, and convictions as pure and clear as the diamond, must have combined to force them to tear the idol from their hearts, and stake everything upon a contest, in which, humanly speak-

ing, the chances were against them. So much was true of all the colonies. The situation was graver here. Lake Champlain was the natural highway of invasion. British power held Canada in its grasp. British forts fringed the lake, which was commanded by British vessels of war. If war came, the settlers, scattered for a hundred and fifty miles along this frontier, must bare their bosoms to its advancing stroke. Their quarrel with New York, which engrossed their thoughts as such controversies only can, was approaching a decision, which every indication promised and every settler believed must be in their favor. Well might Allen say, "their situation was truly perplexed and critical." All their comforts, all their temporal interests, were on one side. On the other, the fact "that resistance to Great Britain had become the duty of a free people!"

The news of Lexington commenced its lightning journey. As the march of the morning sun rolls back the wave of sleep, with all the dreams and fantasies of the night, from an awakened world, so when the electric current swept over the people here, every one of them awoke, a soldier armed in the ranks of liberty. Back into the night of the past they swept every consideration of property, person or life, and with them deep under the advancing wave of freedom was buried their controversy with New York. At the call "To arms," they sprang to their places. Allen placed himself at their head, and to the news of Lexington the Green Mountains rolled back the echo of the capture of Ticonderoga.

With this, one of the great acts of Allen's life, you are all familiar. I, at least, cannot make you better acquainted with it. It is written in your history and will not be forgotten while the record is preserved. I pass it therefore with an allusion to only one of its relations, essential to a right understanding of Allen's character, and which, acted upon at the time, might have saved some of the best blood of the Revolution.

The necessity for an armed resistance had been precipita-

ted upon the colonies. Outside of New England independence had not been seriously considered. The idea of resistance was restricted to oppressive legislation, and was expected to terminate when that was repealed. Had any aggressive movement depended upon the Continental Congress for its initiative, it would not have taken place. As on many occasions since, the people were in advance of their representatives.

It is therefore proof of his intelligence and forecast, that in those early hours of the struggle Allen clearly comprehended the situation—more clearly than most of the other leaders ; and it is almost humiliating to read the record, and see with what timidity the Congress heard the news of Ticonderoga, the first capture made in its name. Apology was its favorite theme. With closed doors and in secret, it deliberated from the tenth to the eighteenth of May, and had performed no public act of importance except to lay before the people the report of the affair at Lexington. The capture of Ticonderoga aroused it to some action. The resolution made necessary by the capture is a curious expression of the duty its members felt, of sustaining the movement, and their wish to avoid giving offence to Great Britain. They approved the capture, on the ground that the stores and cannon would have been used in an invasion of the colonies, but proposed “to remove and preserve them, in order that they may be safely returned, when the restoration of the former harmony between Great Britain and the colonies, *so ardently wished for by the latter*, should render it prudent.”

Even the capture of these forts did not divert the Congress from its conciliatory policy. Their subsequent resolves breathe the most ardent wishes for the restoration of amicable relations, and their purpose to negotiate to that end. But they exhibit a firmer spirit, and a purpose to fight if these efforts were unsuccessful.

If time permitted it would be interesting to read their address to Canada of the 29th of May. While it urges the people of that province to unite with them in their purpose to live

free, or not at all, it is an undisguised apology for taking possession of the forts on Lake Champlain. "It was dictated," says the Congress, "by the great law of self-preservation. These forts were intended to annoy us, and cut off that friendly intercourse which has hitherto subsisted between us. We hope it has given you no uneasiness, and you may rely on our assurances, that these colonies will pursue no measures but such as friendship and a regard for our mutual safety may suggest." Three days later, moved by the aggressive energy exhibited in this northern quarter, they resolved "that no expedition ought to be undertaken against Canada, by any colony or body of colonists," and transmitted their resolution to the commander of the forces at Ticonderoga, to New York and the other colonies bordering on Canada.

But while this conciliatory, ready-to-halt policy controlled the Continental Congress, Allen stood here on the border, proclaiming that the day of negotiation had passed, and the time had come for aggressive movements. His policy was neither conciliatory nor concealed. He expressed it in three words "*Take Canada now!*" He saw then, as clearly as the whole country saw ninety days later, that Canada was the place where the death-blow could be planted on the front of British power in America, and that the seizure of that province was the shortest road to American independence. He was of Sir Boyle Roche's opinion that "the safest way to *avoid* danger was to meet it face to face." Congress must have known of the disaffection of the Canadians, and how easily they could have been induced to join the other colonies. They knew by a bloody experience, many times repeated, that the royal road of invasion lay through Lake Champlain. That the patriotic members of that body held Allen back, prove the strength of the tie that bound them to England. But they could not silence Allen's appeals. "Lake Champlain," he declared, "is the key of Canada or of our own country." "The key is ours as yet, and if the colonies would push an army of two or three thousand men

into Canada, they might make a conquest of all that would oppose them." "I would lay my life on it, that with fifteen hundred men I could take Montreal." "The object should be pursued, though it should take ten thousand men." "Our friends in Canada can never help us, until we first help them."

Mark the prominence and the wisdom, too, of Ethan Allen, upon the threshold of the Revolution. He is the first man in all the colonies to suggest the invasion of Canada. He stands here alone, urging it with all the energy of his ringing voice and emphatic pen. Every man with whom he comes in contact confesses the wisdom of his advice, and joins him as an advocate. On the other side, the New York and Continental Congresses, with all their statesmanship, declare that Canada must not be invaded. When Canada was unprepared, and the people were in sympathy with the popular movement, they declared that Allen's proposal was rash, inconsistent and premature. Within three months afterwards, when she had been reinforced, when her militia had been organized, and all her powers of resistance consolidated, they consented. By that time the whole country conceded the wisdom of Allen's views. They were adopted and Canada was invaded. The result is a matter of history. I cannot improve upon the words of one of Allen's biographers: "If his advice had been heeded when it was given, there can be no reasonable doubt it would have been successful. Its failure may be ascribed more to the wavering sentiments and tardy motions of Congress, than to any defect in the plan or in the manner of its execution." How many years of war its rejection cost the American colonies we may never know.

As the summer wore on, the opportunity for active movements in the north went by. Benedict Arnold had enlivened the small force here, by his perpetual quarrel about rank, which he carried with him everywhere; but he was finally suppressed after some exercise of his latent talent for treason, and had quitted the army in disgust. The Connecticut Regiment had

garrisoned Ticonderoga, and the temper of Congress indicated that unless a new spirit was infused into its members, it would sanction no advance to the northward. Allen could never remain inactive. He had no sooner turned over his command to Colonel Hinman, and got him peaceably in possession, than he determined to impress his views upon Congress by a personal appeal. He had written them letters which had never been answered. But he was not to be satisfied by silence, and within a few days himself and Warner were at the doors of Congress. His errand was brief and plain. It was to procure the recognition of the Green Mountain Boys as a part of the Continental Army, and authority to form a regiment, and then—*delenda est Carthago!* Canada must be invaded. His position must be kept in mind. He had been the open and fierce enemy of New York, and by that colony, the most powerful in Congress, he was regarded as a rebel. In fact, at that time he was under several indictments. But his soul was bent on independence, and he did not stop for one moment to reflect, that the business upon which he was going to Congress could not be accomplished until he had overcome her most active opposition. With his usual directness he went straight to the accomplishment of his purpose. How well he succeeded at Philadelphia, we only know from a record of a dozen lines. On the 23d of June, the journal shows that the first business of the session was the reading of a letter from Crown Point, after which it was stated that two officers who brought the letter were at the door and had something of importance to communicate. The Congress ordered them to be admitted, and Allen and Warner entered the hall. His speech is unreported. We are left to imagine the powerful utterances with which he described the patriotism of his men, their prompt answer to his call to the field, the march and capture of Ticonderoga, their readiness to give their lives to the cause, and the policy of forming them into a regiment. We may be sure that following his ruling idea he closed with “Canada must be taken!” They retired. Without any delay, and, so far as we know, with entire unanimity,

the Congress marked their approval of his conduct by voting to his men and their officers like pay with the rest of the army, and by recommending New York "to employ in the army to be raised for the defence of America, those called Green Mountain Boys, under such officers as the said Green Mountain Boys shall choose." "You are desired," wrote President Hancock to the New York Convention, "to consult with General Schuyler, in whom, the Congress is informed, these people place great confidence, about the field officers to be set over them."

The Congress sent Allen with a recommendation to the New York Convention! What could Ethan Allen accomplish in the New York Convention? That body wanted him—a little better than a twelvemonth before, it had offered anybody a hundred pounds who would secure him in His Majesty's jail in Albany. He had flogged their justices, hunted their surveyors, trapped their constables, scouted their proclamations, and defied their laws. In their eyes he was a rebel; the very chief and leader of that sum of all iniquity, the Bennington Mob! The chances were that instead of giving him a regiment they would take his scalp!

Little recked Allen of all this; doubtful if he thought of it, so completely and exclusively had the great movement for human freedom possessed his soul. We next hear of him at the doors of the New York Convention demanding admission. His demand arouses a storm of opposition. A member moves that he be permitted to have an audience. The debate is fierce and hot. "Admit this mountain savage to the Provincial Congress of New York!—the man who had flooded every member of it with abuse, and condemned even the Royal authority; who had organized a rebellion which had in it the bitter sting of success! Listen to the tongue which had hurled at them every hard name in the vocabulary and not a few invented for the occasion! Better send him to the felon's dock or the gallows, than allow him to come here and insult by his presence the collective wisdom of the colony!"

But opposition was unavailing. In the great army of freedom all true men were kin. Whatever he might have been before, he was a soldier now, fighting with all the brave, throughout the colonies, the battle of the free. He was there to advance the common cause, and he must come in! He was admitted. Once inside the door, face to face with the convention, and his work was done.

What would we not give for the report of his speech upon that occasion? He had written to the same convention words like these: "I desire your honors to lay before the Grand Continental Congress the great disadvantage it must be eventually to the colonies to evacuate Lake Champlain, and give up to the enemies of our country these invaluable acquisitions, the key of either Canada or of our country, according as which party holds the same in possession and makes a proper improvement of it. The key is ours as yet, and provided the colonies would suddenly push an army of two or three thousand men into Canada they might make a conquest of all that would oppose them in the extensive province of Quebec. * * * I wish to God America would, at this critical juncture, exert herself agreeable to the indignity offered her by a tyrannical ministry. She might rise on eagle's wings, and mount up to glory, freedom and immortal honor, if she did but know and exert her strength. Fame is now hovering over her head. A vast continent must now sink to slavery, poverty, horror and bondage, or rise to unconquerable freedom, great wealth, irrepressible felicity and immortal fame. I will lay my life on it that with fifteen hundred men I could take Montreal." Was it a rude mountain savage, or one of nature's born orators and noblemen who could utter such words in June, 1775? Which excites your wonder more, the power of the man who uttered them or the stolidity of the convention that could hear them unmoved? But his speech must have risen to the level of Demosthenean eloquence, for it moved even the New York Convention.

I look upon the action of the New York Convention as the

highest proof of the intensity of the patriotism of those eventful times. But I must not dwell upon it. Again Allen was heard, and again he withdrew. Without adjournment or delay, the convention ordered that "a body of troops be raised of those called Green Mountain Boys, that they elect their own officers, except field officers, * * * and that General Schuyler be further requested to procure the sense of those people concerning the persons who will be most agreeable to them for field officers." It was an earnest, full compliance with Allen's request; a fine tribute to his personal influence, and a splendid illustration of the patriotism which in those times must have held sovereign rule.

In a career so crowded with events, I can refer to only a few. Allen returned to Vermont from the convention, and if true greatness was ever proved by human actions, he then proved himself a great man. He had originated the Green Mountain Boys; in a military sense, he had raised them. It was he who first called them to the defence of their homes, who gave and taught them the use of arms. From raw countrymen he had converted them into disciplined soldiers. For years his powerful will had been their bond of union; under him they had won the glory of Ticonderoga. And now he had done what no other man or men upon the Grants would have done or undertaken to do. He had induced the New York and the Continental Congresses to form them into a regiment, under officers of their own election. He expected to be their colonel; that office his heart coveted as it never coveted aught before. And yet by one of those strange fatuities, as inexplicable then as a miracle, equally so now, in the hour of election they forgot him. It passed—Seth Warner was in command of the Green Mountain Boys, and Ethan Allen was a private citizen.

It seems strange that he did not protest with all the strength of his mind against such a wrong, or hang his head in shame, and retire to hide his mortification in some secret place. Other brave men in those days made the country vocal with

their complaints, when their just claims were ignored. Look at Arnold! the incarnation of growling discontent every time he was made second to anybody, and a traitor at last, because he thought himself neglected. And then behold Ethan Allen! Mortified, no doubt he was—he would not have been human, otherwise. But he wasted no time in complaints. “Notwithstanding my zeal and success in my country’s cause,” he writes, “the old farmers who do not incline to go to war, in their nominations for officers of the Green Mountain Boys have wholly omitted me. I find myself in favor with the officers of the army and the young men. How the old men came to reject me I cannot conceive.” This by way of criticism, and this is all. But mark the conclusion! “I hope the Continental Congress will remember me, *for I desire to remain in the service.*”

Yes, he desired to remain in the service. Neglect could not drive him out of it. Schuyler seems always to have been in favor with the people of the Grants. In spite of all that criticism or enmity could do, he stands out one of the most prominent figures in the historical picture, one of the most noble and admirable characters in a time when such men were most needed. To Schuyler Allen went, and was received with a hearty welcome. Schuyler employed him as a volunteer, with the understanding that he should be considered as much an officer as if he had a commission, and should, when occasion permitted, be placed in command.

The hour of misfortune for Allen was now drawing near. By September the whole country had become convinced that Canada should be invaded and Allen’s advice had been adopted by Congress. But in those three months of delay the favorable moment had passed. Allen knew it, but he was still hopeful, and believed he could accomplish much with the Canadians by his personal influence; and when Schuyler was collecting his forces for the expedition, Allen accepted his invitation to proceed in advance to Canada, as an itinerant political missionary to the

inhabitants. Montgomery then assumed the command of the army and proceeded to lay siege to St. Johns.

Delayed by the resistance of St. Johns, the commander-in-chief despatched Allen upon a second and similar errand. For a time all went well. He went from village to village, as he expressed it, "preaching politics," and enlisting recruits. At one time he wrote in high spirits, that he had two hundred and fifty men under arms, and that they were gathering as fast as he marched. "You may rest assured," he wrote to his General, "that within three days I shall join you with five hundred or more Canadian volunteers."

Having made the tour of many villages, and assured the people that the army came not to make war upon them or their religion, but upon the power of Great Britain, in company with about eighty Canadians he finally reached the banks of the St. Lawrence, opposite Montreal. At the village of Laprairie he met Major Brown with a force of two hundred and fifty men. Brown proposed to attack and capture Montreal, by surprise, and Allen eagerly accepted the proposition. It was agreed that Allen should cross at Longueuil below, and Brown at Laprairie above the city, and on the exchange of three cheers, which were to be first given by Brown's party, the attack should be made. The latter agreed to cross early the next morning, and both well knew that success could only be expected by co-operation. Brown failed to keep his promise on the excuse of bad weather. Allen, whom the elements had no power to delay, crossed over and when the morning broke, found himself alone with less than a hundred raw Canadians, on an island in front of a large city. Disdaining to retreat, and still hoping for Brown's advance, he held his ground until an escaped prisoner betrayed to the enemy the weakness of the party. The British rallied a mixed crowd of five hundred regulars and volunteers and attacked him. He was surrounded, fought bravely as long as there was any hope, but at length was compelled to surrender upon the promise of honorable treatment as a prisoner of war.

His first experience as a prisoner had its comic as well as its tragic features. The moment he gave up his sword, he was set upon by a savage, in whose face, he declared, appeared all the malice, wrath, death and murder of devils. His only means of defence was to seize an officer and interpose him as a breastwork between himself and his assailant—a difficult matter when the Indian was on every side at once, seeking an opportunity to shoot him without killing the Briton. He succeeded in whirling him between himself and the redskin until he was attacked by another of those “imps of hell.” He then had to increase his agility, and he declares that he made the officer fly around him with incredible velocity. At length a gallant Irishman came to his aid and drove off his assailants. Allen quaintly remarks of this ludicrous exhibition that “it served to compose his mind.”

The conduct of Prescott, who commanded the British on this occasion, was brutal in the extreme. He ordered a number of the Canadians to be shot on the spot, and actually drew up the firing party, when Allen stepped between them and their victims, bared his bosom, and told Prescott to take his revenge on him, for he was the sole cause of their taking up arms. Prescott suspended the execution and the Canadians were saved. But he declared that Allen should grace a halter at Tyburn, and then in violation of his promise sent him in irons on board a vessel of war.

There he was loaded with forty pounds weight of manacles, and sent to Quebec. The impression he made upon his enemies is shown by the fact, that, prisoner as he was, he was chosen by an officer as his second in a duel, and gave his parole to return when the fight was over. He was soon after sent to England, confined for some months in Pendennis Castle—then placed on shipboard and carried to the Carolinas, thence to Halifax, and, late in the year following his capture, he was landed in the city of New York.

His treatment during this long period was execrable. It was a disgrace to the British name and nation. Tyranny is the unerring proof of a mean and narrow spirit. Most of the officers under whom Allen was placed seemed to experience a brutal delight in inventing cruelties and privations to break him down. They failed of their purpose. His iron will and indomitable firmness never yielded for a moment. He seemed to regard himself as the representative of the American people, and he would not give his enemies the triumph of seeing them and their cause degraded in his person. In maintaining his own dignity he upheld theirs. Prescott threatened to cane him, and the unarmed prisoner shook his manacled fist in the face of the British general. Loaded with fetters and contumely, covered with rags and soiled with filth from which he could not free himself, he bore himself as proudly as a monarch on his throne, so that the better disposed of his keepers sent him food and drink from their own tables. Incensed by a swaggering doctor, he tore off his irons with his teeth, and poured upon him such a flood of indignant reproach, that he slunk out of his presence. Again insulted by an officer who came to gape at him in the hole where he had been thrust with forty companions, he sprang at him like a panther and tore him down. The men who drove him with their bayonets to his prison-pen, would come privately and bring him little comforts. In England they sought to frighten him by threats of the gallows; he answered by a letter to the American Commander advising prudent retaliation. They could not hide him away from the sympathy of kind hearts. The people who came to gaze at him as a show would slip guineas into his pockets. He won the respect of all true-hearted Englishmen. When he came to the Cove of Cork the enthusiastic Irish sent him clothing, filled his purse with gold, and had they not been prevented, would have loaded the ship with stores and supplies. "I am a gentleman, and have the right to walk the deck," was his proud answer to the Captain who ordered him with oaths to go below; and after that he

walked the deck with impunity. His imprisonment was a triumph which disgraced none but those who sought to disgrace him.

There was only one occasion when his fortitude gave way. He tells the story with the bashfulness of a girl. Long imprisonment, deprivation, rags, disease and vermin, applied long enough, will break down the strongest man. He had borne all these, and at Halifax they were supplemented by the scurvy, which would have ended his life had he not been relieved by the charity of a lady who furnished him with food and vegetables. The wasted shadow which went on shipboard there, to be sent to New York, was a poor representative of the hardy mountaineer; but his spirit was just as defiant as at the moment of his capture. He was summoned before the Captain. Expecting some new exhibition of the tyranny of the quarter deck, he summoned his little remaining strength to maintain his natural character, and to defy this new display of the malice of his enemies. To his profound astonishment, Captain Smith met him with a hearty shake of the hand, welcomed him to his ship, invited him to his table, and mentioned as if a matter of course that he had ordered every man under him to treat Colonel Allen with the respect and consideration due to an officer of his rank. Such unexpected humanity did what no amount of ill-treatment could have done. It overcame him, and for a time deprived him of the power of speaking. He turned away to hide his emotion, and then with a broken voice expressed his gratitude for kindness, all the more generous since he would never be able to repay it. "I look for no reward," was the bluff response of the noble sailor; "I only treat you as one gentleman should treat another. This is a mutable world, and one never knows how soon it may be in his power to do another a favor."

The reward came to Captain Smith very speedily. They were sailing along the coast not many days afterwards, when

the prisoners formed a plot to kill the Captain, master the crew, and seize the ship with the thirty-five thousand pounds in treasure then on board. Several of the crew had already been corrupted, and Allen's consent, upon which they had counted, was only necessary to the success of the conspiracy. The leader detailed his plans, never doubting Allen's prompt concurrence. "This plot must end here and now!" was his answer, "and I must have your promise to end it, or I will disclose it to the Captain and defend him with my life. He has treated us like gentlemen, and he shall not be murdered!" The plot was abandoned and never revived. Perhaps the most creditable part of the incident, so far as Allen is concerned, is the fact that he kept the secret, and Captain Smith never knew from him how well he had repaid his kindness.

He reached New York in October. Here he fared miserably enough, but personal ill-treatment did not wring his heart like those barbarities which he saw inflicted on the American prisoners, which fastened such indelible dishonor on the British name. They were never equalled until the days of Salisbury and Andersonville. When allowed to go at large, he labored day and night, with all his strength, resources and credit, for their relief. He was there when two thousand of these martyrs were sacrificed to what he calls "the scientific barbarity of Britain." The enemy sought to bribe him with the offer of a regiment and service abroad, to desert his flag. He spurned the bribe, and they declared he must be crazy. To cure him, they threw him into a dungeon, with thieves and murderers, and almost starved him to death. But the victory of Bennington and the capture of Burgoyne furnished the Americans with abundant material for retaliation, and improved his treatment. It was not, however, until May, 1778, well towards three years after his capture, that he was finally exchanged for Colonel Campbell of the British army. He then proceeded to Valley Forge, where Washington received him with the strongest expressions of respect and esteem. He has recorded the impres-

sion made by the returned prisoner in no doubtful terms. He was weak and emaciated in body, but his heart was strong and true. Washington's letter to Congress, in furtherance of Allen's desire to enter the service again as soon as his strength was restored, shows how admirably the Father of his country estimated men. It is too illustrative to be omitted here.

"I have been happy," he wrote, "in the exchange and a visit from Col. Allen. His fortitude and firmness seem to have placed him out of the reach of misfortune. There is an original something in him that commands admiration; and his long captivity and sufferings have only served to increase if possible his enthusiastic zeal. He appears very desirous of rendering his services to the States and of being employed, and at the same time he does not disclose any ambition for high rank. Congress will herewith receive a letter from him, and I doubt not they will make such provision for him as they may think proper and suitable."

Congress responded by granting him a Colonel's commission, with words of commendation which doubled the value of the reward. After visit to General Gates, who treated him, as he says, "with the generosity of a lord," he returned to Bennington on the last day of May, 1778, where he was received with great rejoicing. Among other manifestations, a salute was fired, of thirteen guns for the older States, and one for young Vermont.

The surrender of Burgoyne was substantially the end of the fighting in this quarter, and Allen never again entered active service in the Continental army. The position of Vermont was precarious, and his interest in her fortunes was too great to permit him to seek employment elsewhere. She was putting the machinery of her government in motion, in which there was some friction, and her enemies had become more dangerous since they had substituted intrigue for force. He entered her service with renewed activity, and until her final admission his

tongue and pen were employed in her behalf. Robinson, who had been successful with Arnold, offered him large bribes to desert; his answer was the transmission of Robinson's letters to Congress. He was prominent in the negotiations with Haldimand, which secured quiet here until the end of the war. His last appearance in arms was in the suppression of the refractory "Yorkers" in Windham county. With a hundred of his Green Mountain Boys he marched to Guilford, and there issued a proclamation, which is a model of directness and brevity: "I, Ethan Allen, declare, that unless the people of Guilford peaceably submit to the authority of Vermont, I will make the town as desolate as were the cities of Sodom and Gomorrah!" They submitted. He saw the Revolution ended, and the States independent, but did not survive to see Vermont finally take her seat in the National Council. His sword was changed into a ploughshare, he became a farmer in yonder beautiful valley, and there, mourned by an attached people, he died in February, 1789.

I have not attempted so much as a reference to all the prominent events in Allen's life. They are far too numerous for the present occasion. His vigorous writings in behalf of Vermont have not been mentioned. It is better far to pass them over than to touch them superficially. As we pass through a beautiful conservatory, we may gather here and there a specimen flower, so in the rich field of Allen's life I have just touched upon a few events which illustrate his character. Even in this I am only too conscious of failure. But in my judgment he is mirrored as the natural product of the times and circumstances in which he lived—altogether one of the most interesting characters found in their history. It would be a grave mistake to gloss over his faults or to deny their existence. They are just as necessary to the picture as his merits. But justice requires that they should not be exaggerated. They have been, and grossly, for many who have written concerning

him have taken counsel of their prejudices instead of their reason. Beside his grave you will pardon me a single refutation.

The greatest, perhaps the one indefensible charge against Colonel Allen is founded upon his religious opinions. These are perhaps as objectionable to me as to his harshest critics, few of whom know what he did or did not believe. They have no difficulty in leaping to the conclusion that he was an infidel of the worst type, and morally as bad a man as modern *isms* have produced. I have seen it stated that he believed neither in God nor in Eternity.

Allen never concealed his opinions. He has recorded the religious views he once held, plainly and clearly. His active life, passed in the service of freedom, while in the highest degree unfavorable to religious instruction or convictions, did not fail to develop, perhaps abnormally, his independence of thought upon all subjects, religion included. It was not only his nature, in the exercise of his powerful intellect, to bring every proposition to the standard of human reason, but he could not do otherwise without, as he thought, violating his common sense. In religion, as in all the affairs of life, he followed his reason. It led him to the belief in and firm conviction of an eternal, infinite, omnipotent and all wise Ruler of the universe; in the immortality of the soul; in human responsibility to conscience and to God, coupled with perfect freedom of action and will; in the reward of the righteous and the punishment of the wicked in a future life, upon principles of infinite justice. In that he reached the ultimate end which the schools of ethics are agreed may be reached by the light of natural reason—where reason stops and faith begins. That he did so, proves that he was a metaphysician of no ordinary powers. There he halted. Belief in miracles, in the Bible as an inspired revelation, in the divinity and incarnation of Christ—all the doctrines received through faith—he rejected as contrary to reason. In advocacy of these views he wrote a book, now almost forgotten, and which I would do

nothing to rescue from its merited oblivion. There was a tinge of orthodoxy in his nature, but he called himself, and was in fact, a theist. Had he lived to-day, he would not have been a worse man than many members of respected religious denominations.

In the seventeenth century the influence of such doctrines was widely extended by the asceticism of the Puritans and the rigid formality of the established church. By his ardent support of the cause of Vermont, Allen had formed a strong attachment for Dr. Joseph Young, who had adopted these principles and was a warm disciple of William Blount, an eminent theist of the period named, and the author of many heterodox works, one of them called "The Oracles of Reason." Through Young, Allen became acquainted with the writings of Blount, and a convert to his opinions. The book which Allen wrote was little more than a reproduction of Blount's "Oracles" and other writings, and presents the same arguments almost in their consecutive order.

To such men as Allen wisdom cometh with increase of years. One incident, well authenticated, in his later life, will enable you to judge of the tenacity of his final adherence to these views. He was blessed with a religious wife, and a daughter whom he loved with all the affection of his great and gentle heart. Early fitted for a better life, she was called to its experience before she reached womanhood. As she lay upon her dying bed she called her father to her side, and said to him: "Father, I am about to die. Shall I believe in your principles or in those my mother has taught me?" His frame quivered, and for a moment he could not reply. But when at last his affection burst forth in tears, there came with them in gentle tones, from his trembling lips, words which must have fallen upon the ears of the dying girl almost as comforting as the voices of angels welcoming her to eternal rest: "My child, believe what your mother has taught you!" Censors of Ethan Allen, "Judge not and ye shall not be judged. Condemn not

and ye shall not be condemned. For with the same measure that ye mete withal, it shall be measured to you again."

From whatever standpoint we look at Ethan Allen our impression is always the same. He is always the conspicuous figure, the recognized leader, the man who moulds others to his will. The view may be as brief as that we catch when the lightning flashes across the darkness of the midnight sky, but it is as clear and full as it would be under the glare of the noonday sun. He plants himself in the dentist's chair and orders a healthy molar to be wrenched from its socket, to encourage a nervous, suffering woman, whose pride is thus made to overcome her fears. "I did not employ you to lie; that note is mine; I only want a little time to pay it!" he fairly roars at his astonished lawyer, who had denied his signature in the trial of a lawsuit; and his opponent gives him all the time he asks. "This man must be hung according to law," he exclaims to the crowd threatening to lynch the reprieved tory and spy; "come here next Friday and you shall see somebody hung; if Redding is not, I will be hung myself,"—and the crowd peaceably disperses. "Look at that poor mother, and then say if you can go to your homes and sleep," he says to the discouraged neighbors, about to give up the search for the lost children; and back to the quest goes every man of them, never to give it up until the lost wanderers are restored to their mother's arms. These transient gleams, flashed upon him in his unstudied moments, reveal his true character.

Men and brethren, the hour is filled with instruction. But its lesson is not new. Of old time it was given out by the Preacher, the son of David, King of Jerusalem: "whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do with thy might." Behold their reward who faithfully obey the mandate of the Great Teacher! A century ago there came into this wilderness a few plain men. The thought of future greatness they never conceived. They came not to found a State, but to establish their homes. Ty-

ranny threw his giant arms around them, and they burst from his iron embrace. Left to their own resources, with no friend but Him who is called the "Counsellor," they constructed a government upon the broad foundations of justice and equity—they defended it with the skill of diplomacy and the power of the sword. They met their enemies on many a field, and were always victorious because always right. They left to their children the legacy of as good a government as human hands have ever framed. They little thought, those day-laborers at the post of duty, that they were raising monuments to themselves which would never perish while the race survived. They were not the first who have builded better than they knew.

Soldiers in the campaign of life, whose faces are constantly set on the future! halt here and turn them backward over the great highway which has been trodden by the army of mankind. Back in the depths of prehistoric night, in that dark age when primeval man first contended, with weapons of stone, against brute beasts for the dominion of the earth, it begins, in his savage lair, among the reedy fens and dank morasses of an antediluvian wilderness. It is strewn thick on either side with skull and skeleton, mute witnesses of races that have perished by the way. The night encampment where each day's march was ended, has once been marked by its own memorial cairn. At first so slight that it fell with the first wave that washed the place where it stood, so near the next that it is doubtful whether it marks an advance or a retreat, then more permanent and distant, as the race moved on, until at length they rise, majestic shafts, proclaiming to all the future the discovery of a science or a continent. As we stand on this grassy mount, and look down the wondrous colonnade, which it has required all time to build, it is lighted up with the meridian splendor of present civilization. In bold relief stands out the record of each great achievement, sculptured upon the pillared capitals. There is one arcade where the clustered columns seem to rise loftier, and

the record to flash out in more golden splendor. It marks the birth of our republic, the days when our fathers lived. As we fix our eyes upon it their age becomes heroic, and those plain farmers rise to the stature of great men. The State they founded has grown in strength and honors, and is filled with the comfortable homes of an energetic people. Their descendants have carried their names to the ends of the earth, to be honored wherever they are known. The laws of nature seem to be reversed, and these men rise as they recede. Among them we behold statesmen broad in conception, wise in counsel, firm in execution; orators whose words of power fire the soul; diplomatists who met antagonists trained in courts and skilled in intrigue, and worsted them; lawyers elevated to the level of legal principles, who with them could frame constitutions; soldiers brave in war, moderate in peace; philosophers splendid in success, dignified, and therefore more splendid, in adversity. It is a discipline to human pride to look upon the picture, for over it is written the inscription: "There were giants in those days."

One of the monuments of their great soldier we complete to-day. He was the leader of their little army, the defender of their simple faith. Simple it was, truly, for its creed was summarized in the maxim, "To every one his own," and comprehended nothing beyond the natural right of every man to hold his opinions and his possessions free from the control or dictation of every human superior. It was symbolized by no heraldic sign, blazoned upon no knightly shield. But it was impressed by the Almighty upon the hearts of men, and in the sublimity of its power is surpassed by none save that embraced in the two commandments whereon hang all the law and the prophets. To such men as Allen and his cotemporaries, who defended it when its apostles were few and its enemies many and mighty, the world owes the fact that it has now become the faith of nations, and numbers among its proselytes the good and the true of all the

earth. Since it was born of Christianity it never had a more faithful soldier. The few scattered rays shed from the light of history upon widely distant portions of his career are only intended to sketch its outline. Would you do him justice, you must study the record and fill up the picture. He was not a model, and none so well as himself knew his imperfections. But he never concealed them; nor have I departed from his example. Alike in victory and defeat, in success and adversity, he compelled the admiration of his enemies. When, like the Psalmist, "innumerable evils compassed him about," and "troubles came not single spies, but in battalions," he never despaired, but rose above them, serene, unconquerable, and always a soldier. The ceremonies by which Vermont recalls his deeds and commends him to the grateful remembrance of her children are indeed imposing; but since she had a flag to defend there have been no honors in her service more bravely won than those which she lays to-day upon her chieftain's grave.

Men of Vermont! The reproofs of instruction are the way of life. Yonder shaft and statue, the monument of a soldier's glory, are your instruction. Think not because brave men won your liberties, and secured the blessings which you now enjoy, that you have nothing to do but to sit quietly down and bask in the sunlight of your ancestral glories. There is a work for every man, and yours lies before you. So long as by slothfulness the building decayeth, so long can the blessings of a free government be preserved by labor and watchfulness alone. Mark the notes of warning which rise from your nation's capital and your sister States, calling you to watch with eagle eye the sappers and miners of corruption, approaching with stealthy steps on every side the temple wherein is the treasure of your inheritance. You have besides a mission whose field is the world. Your duty cannot be performed until corruption, tyranny and oppression are driven from the earth—until every human being, created in the image of his Maker, is a freeman,

in full possession of his natural birthright of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. Duty rises with its knowledge and the ability to perform it. Had Allen and his associates taken "yet a little more sleep, a little folding of the hands to sleep," instead of Vermont with her record and her influence, there would have been a provincial county or country district. Let Vermonters emulate their energy and follow their examples, and there may be yet other Vermons on the Pacific shores, in the Celestial Empire and Farther India. Not upon us rests all the responsibility, it is true, but in the great army of humanity we are all soldiers. We live in a favored age. Art and science are moving forward with gigantic strides. Every day is made glorious by the splendor of some new and grand discovery, which marks the progress of human development another stage. The war which began in Eden is not yet ended. The prize of the battle is the empire of the world. The armies are gathering for the final campaign. Every nation must furnish its own quota. Under the black flag serve all the satellites of slavery, injustice, oppression, corruption and despotic barbarism; under the banner of Christian civilization are all the true, the just and the free. Our loyal service is a duty which, if need be, we must perform without rank or pay. Yonder, upon a distant continent, it may be upon the very spot where man first fell from his high estate, is the stronghold and capital city of the enemy. His soldiers are encamped round about it. On this side lie the wilderness, with its breastworks, outposts and redoubts, which swarm with the legions of the foe. But the wilderness must be traversed, the capital city must be taken, the enemy must be destroyed. Are we ready for the last campaign? The hour of the conflict draws near. The note of preparation has already sounded. Its music stirs the blood and touches the heart of every freeman. From town and city, mountain and valley, hill and plain, the recruits are pouring in. They come as the winds and waves come, gathering "thick as autumnal leaves that strew the brooks of Vallombrosa." In

one corps let there be no faltering heart, no doubtful answer to the call. And when the order for the march shall come, let it ring through the army, filling every true man's heart with high hope and unfaltering courage—the sure presage of victory—sharp and clear, as once it rang along Virginia's plains: "Put the Vermonters in the front, and close up the column!"

The orator was frequently and heartily applauded during the oration, and at its close.

CLOSING EXERCISES.

After "Hail Columbia" by the bands, the hymn :

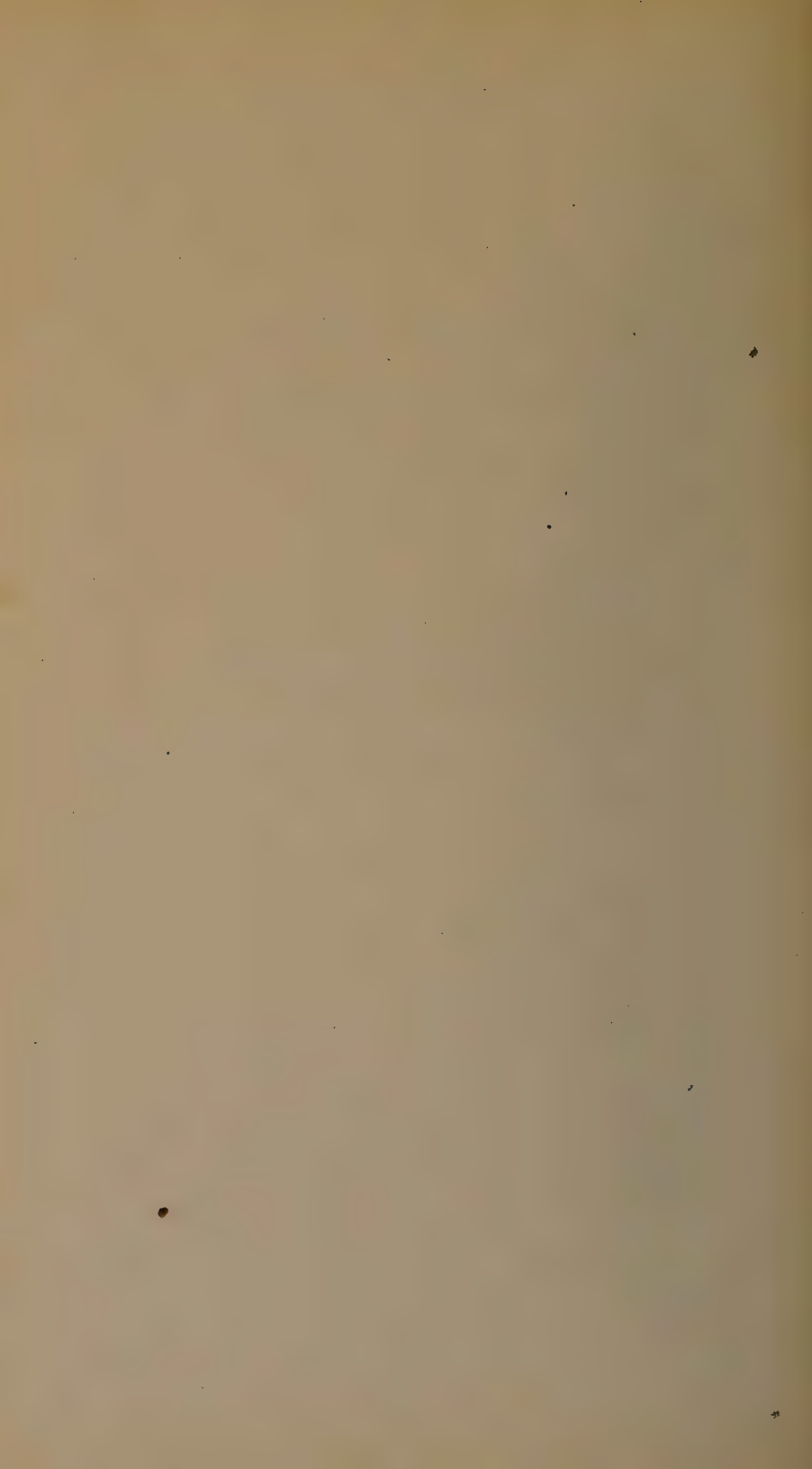
"My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,"

was sung by the choir and the assembly, the bands swelling the chorus, with grand effect.

The exercises closed with a benediction by the chaplain. The procession re-formed and passed through the cemetery, under the monument, and thence through Colchester Avenue, Pearl street and Church street to the square, where it disbanded.

The day ended with a grand display of fireworks on the College Park, the closing piece of which was a large representation of the Statue, with the motto: "In the name of the Great Jehovah and the Continental Congress." It was estimated that the fireworks were witnessed by not less than twelve thousand persons.

Evidence of the interest shown in the occasion, by the people of Vermont, was not confined to the large attendance on the ceremonies, but appeared in letters from leading citizens to the Committee of Arrangements, and in the accounts and comments of the Press of the State. This interest was the more noticeable in view of somewhat recent attempts to traduce the memory of Ethan Allen, and to attack through him the honor and fair fame of the founders of the State of Vermont, made by certain gentlemen of a "New School of History" in New York State, whose contributions to History seem to be confined in large degree to abuse of eminent patriots of former days, and attempts to transfer their laurels to traitors and nobodies. The occasion afforded throughout ample proof that the people of the State of Vermont, in spite of his traducers, still hold in undiminished and undying honor, the memory of the Hero of Ticonderoga.



APPENDIX.

APPENDIX.

LETTER FROM HON. J. N. POMEROY TO GOV. CONVERSE.

BURLINGTON, 11th March, 1873.

His Excellency, Julius Converse, Woodstock :

DEAR SIR—You are aware, of course, that the State of Vermont has caused to be erected in Green Mount Cemetery in this City, a granite column, some forty-three feet in height, to the memory of Ethan Allen, and that the Legislature authorized the Committee who had charge of that work to procure to be placed thereon a heroic Statue of that distinguished Patriot, without expense to the State. The Committee, as at first appointed by the Governor, were Charles Adams, Esq., and the writer hereof ; but Mr. Adams soon retiring, the Hon. George P. Marsh was appointed to fill his place. For various reasons—the want of funds, unfavorable legislation, the continued absence of Mr. Marsh as our Minister to Italy, and the overwhelming excitement of the rebellion—the work has been necessarily postponed until the present time. We are happy now in announcing that the long desired statue, of Carrara marble, is now on the way from Italy, and is expected to be here and placed on the monument early in the month of May next, probably on the 10th of that month, which is the anniversary of the taking of Ticonderoga. When this is done, the functions of the present Committee will cease, and whatever of notice or celebration of the event (if any) shall take place, will, it is presumed, depend upon the action of the Governor of the State. Should your Excellency favor a celebration, as we doubt not you will, we beg you will pardon us for suggesting the appointment of a committee of arrangements to carry out the design. Should any address be contemplated, no time should be lost in the selection of an orator. We again beg pardon for the freedom of these suggestions, which are intended to facilitate, but not control your action, and are,

Very respectfully,

Your Excellency's obedient servants,

JOHN N. POMEROY, for Committee.

GOV. CONVERSE'S REPLY.

EXECUTIVE CHAMBER, }
WOODSTOCK, March 13, 1873. }*Hon. John N. Pomeroy:*

DEAR SIR—Your favor of the 11th instant reached me last evening. I am glad to learn that the Statue of Allen is on its way to America, and that it is proposed by the Committee having the matter in charge to have it raised to its position on the anniversary of the taking of Ticonderoga, the 10th of May next. It seems to me highly befitting the occasion to have in connection with the ceremonial a public *celebration*. The event which is so glorious to Allen and important to his country should be immortalized. Should you agree with me, and will permit me, I would name for the committee of arrangements for the occasion Edward J. Phelps, Luther C. Dodge, Wm. G. Shaw, G. G. Benedict. Should you, gentlemen, think it best to add gentlemen out of Burlington, please name them and add them to this list.

Very respectfully, your humble servant,

JULIUS CONVERSE.

MR. POMEROY TO GOV. CONVERSE.

BURLINGTON, 17th March, 1873.

His Excellency, Gov. Converse, Woodstock:

DEAR SIR—Your favor of the 13th instant, in answer to mine of the 11th instant, was duly received, and I have at length the gentlemen you nominated as the Committee on the part of the City of Burlington to make arrangements for the Ethan Allen Statue Celebration, and they have accepted the nomination, and expressed their readiness to enter upon and discharge the duties implied, in conjunction with such other citizens as they might select and be by you approved.

I remain, very truly,

Your Excellency's obedient servant,

JOHN N. POMEROY,

for Committee.

THE SECRETARY OF THE COMMITTEE TO MR. CHITTENDEN.

BURLINGTON, April 13, 1873.

Hon. L. E. Chittenden, New York City:

DEAR SIR—The Committee of Arrangements for the inauguration and presentation to the State of Vermont of a Statue of Gen. Ethan

Allen, to be placed upon the monument over his grave in Green Mount Cemetery, have fixed on the Fourth of July next, as the time for the unveiling and presentation of the Statue ; have decided that one of the prominent features of the day shall be an address commemorative of the character and services of Ethan Allen ; and have unanimously designated yourself as the orator of the occasion. The Committee believe that no man can better do this service, and trust that you will accept the duty.

Respectfully, your obedient servant,
G. G. BENEDICT,
Secretary of the Com. of Arrangements.

MR. CHITTENDEN'S REPLY.

25 WEST 38TH STREET, }
NEW YORK, April 19th, 1873. }

DEAR SIR—I have received your note of the 13th inst. asking me to deliver an address on the occasion of the inauguration and presentation to the State of the statue of Ethan Allen on the fourth of next July.

I think the committee would have decided more wisely had they extended this invitation to some other Vermonter, for I have recently presented to the Legislature and the Historical Society of Vermont many of the prominent facts in Allen's life, which must to a certain extent be repeated on such an occasion. But if the committee prefer that I should deliver the address, I shall be happy to accept the invitation, and will endeavor to do the subject justice.

Yours very truly,

L. E. CHITTENDEN.

G. G. Benedict, Esq., Secretary, &c., &c.

LETTER FROM PRESIDENT GRANT.

EXECUTIVE MANSION, }
WASHINGTON, D. C., May 31, 1873. }

To Hon. L. C. Dodge, Burlington, Vt.

SIR—The President directs me to acknowledge the receipt of your very cordial invitation to be present at the unveiling of the Statue of Gen. Ethan Allen on the 4th of July next.

It would afford him pleasure to assist in the exercises in honor of that distinguished patriot, and also to greet the citizens of Vermont assembled on the occasion, but his engagements are such that he is not able to accept.

He wishes me to thank you for your very kind invitation, and to assure you of his sincere wish that the occasion may be one of great pleasure to all assembled.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

O. E. BABCOCK,
Secretary.

LETTER FROM GEN. SHERMAN.

HEADQUARTERS ARMIES OF THE UNITED STATES, }
WASHINGTON, D. C., May 31, 1873. }

To Hon. L. C. Dodge, Mayor, and Chairman Local Com., Burlington, Vt.:

MY DEAR SIR—I am just come back from the West, whither I went to assist in the obsequies of my old comrade, General Canby, and find your letter of May 20, inviting me to come to Burlington so as to be present at the exercises connected with the Unveiling and Inauguration of the Statue of Ethan Allen, on the 4th day of July next.

I regret extremely that it will be impossible for me to come at that time. I have made other arrangements for that special day, because my family will not as in former years come to Vermont this summer, but must content themselves with a summer resort nearer home.

Ethan Allen was one of those stalwart, brave and heroic men, that I would delight to honor. His name has already inspired hundreds to do deeds of glory in our country's cause, that are reflected in almost every page of modern history, and you do a most graceful deed in placing his statue on the shores of that Lake, that must have been looked on by him in life with feelings of intense admiration and pride.

The next time it is my good fortune to pass down Champlain my eye will certainly look for the form and figure of him who was the *beau ideal* of our youthful conception of the worthy leader of the "Green Mountain Boys."

Certain that you will have a large attendance of the first men of New England, and that all things will be done worthy of the occasion,

I am truly your friend,

W. T. SHERMAN, General.

LETTER FROM LIEUTENANT GEN. SHERIDAN.

HEADQUARTERS MIL. DIV. OF THE MISSOURI, }
CHICAGO, Ill., June 27th, 1873. }

To the Hon. L. C. Dodge, Burlington, Vt.:

MY DEAR SIR—As the Fourth of July approaches I find, much to my regret, that my official duties will oblige my absence at that date. I have

just returned from a trip to Minnesota, and will be obliged within a few days to again absent myself in that direction, as the government is about constructing some military posts along the line of the Northern Pacific Railroad which require my personal attention.

Again regretting my inability to be with you upon the unveiling of Gen. Ethan Allen's Statue, and wishing you a thoroughly enjoyable time, upon the occasion,

I am very truly yours,

P. H. SHERIDAN, Lieut. General.

LETTER FROM MAJ. GEN. HANCOCK.

NEW YORK, June 2, 1873.

Hon. L. C. Dodge, Burlington, Vt.

MY DEAR SIR—I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your kind letter of the 20th inst., inviting me to be present at the Inauguration of a marble Statue of Gen. Ethan Allen, at Burlington, on the 4th proximo.

It would have given me very great pleasure to have accepted the invitation to witness the ceremonies on that interesting occasion; but before receiving it I had made arrangements for an official visit to the military posts on the lakes, and although I expect to visit Burlington later in the season, I shall hardly be able to reach that point until some time during the latter part of July.

I am very truly yours,

W. S. HANCOCK, Maj. Gen. U. S. A.

LETTER FROM GEN. WM. F. SMITH.

LONDON, June 12, 1873.

Hon. L. C. Dodge, Mayor :

SIR—It is with great regret that absence from the United States compels me to forego the pleasure of meeting my distinguished brothers in arms, and doing honor to the memory of Vermont's celebrated soldier on the approaching 4th of July. I thank you for the kind terms in which your invitation was extended to me, and I trust your exercises may be interesting and instructive, and that hereafter all young Vermonters may, whenever called upon to draw the sword, take, in patriotism and bravery, Ethan Allen as their model.

Yours faithfully, WM. F. SMITH.

LETTER FROM GOVERNOR PERHAM OF MAINE.

STATE OF MAINE,
EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT, }
AUGUSTA, May 29, 1873.

Hon. L. C. Dodge, Chairman, &c.:

DEAR SIR—I am under obligations to you for your kind invitation to the exercises connected with the unveiling, presentation and inauguration of the Statue of Ethan Allen. It would afford me great pleasure to be present on that interesting occasion, but my official duties will probably prevent. Should I find it possible to be absent from the State at the time named I will communicate with you again.

Yours respectfully,

S. PERHAM.

LETTER FROM GOVERNOR STRAW OF NEW HAMPSHIRE.

STATE OF NEW HAMPSHIRE,
EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT, }
CONCORD, June 9th, 1873.

Hon. L. C. Dodge, Mayor of Burlington, Vt.:

MY DEAR SIR—I have to acknowledge the receipt of your favor of May 10th, inviting me to be present at the exercises connected with the inauguration of the statue of Ethan Allen on the 4th day of July next.

Please accept my thanks for your kind invitation, and my regrets that I shall be unable to be present with you on that occasion, having made engagements for that day at home.

It would have given me great pleasure to join with you in celebrating the anniversary of our Independence, by honoring such a noble patriot as Ethan Allen.

Yours very truly,

E. A. STRAW.

LETTER FROM GOVERNOR WASHBURN OF MASSACHUSETTS.

COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS,
EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT, }
BOSTON, 6th June, 1873.

Hon. L. C. Dodge, Chairman of Committee, Mayor of Burlington, Vt.:

SIR—I thank you and the Committee, of which you are Chairman, for an invitation to attend the Inauguration Ceremonies at Burlington

on the fourth of next month. It would give me great pleasure not only to be present on that occasion but to visit your beautiful city and meet your distinguished guests. But the prospect as to official duties at home does not permit me at this time to signify an acceptance of the proffered courtesy. Should affairs hereafter take such a turn as to allow me to be absent, I may give myself the gratification of joining you, in which event I will give you due notification. Failing to receive such advices a week beforehand, I beg the Committee to excuse me and accept my regrets. I have the honor to be

Very respectfully yours,

W. B. WASHBURN,
Governor of Massachusetts.

LETTER FROM GOVERNOR HOWARD OF RHODE ISLAND.

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND,
EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT,
PROVIDENCE, June 3rd, 1873. }

L. C. Dodge, Esq., Chairman &c., Burlington, Vt.:

DEAR SIR—It would give me the greatest pleasure to join you in your exercises in honor of glorious Ethan Allen, but as there will be a celebration here on that day, I do not feel that I can leave the State at that time.

Sincerely yours,

HENRY HOWARD.

LETTER FROM GOVERNOR INGERSOLL OF CONNECTICUT.

STATE OF CONNECTICUT,
EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT,
HARTFORD, June 19, 1873. }

Hon. L. C. Dodge, Mayor &c., Burlington, Vt.:

DEAR SIR—I regret that my engagements will not permit me to attend the inauguration of the statue of Gen. Allen at Burlington on the 4th of July.

I have delayed a reply to your invitation thinking it might be otherwise. With thanks for your courtesy, I am

Very respectfully yours,

S. R. INGERSOLL.

LETTER FROM GOVERNOR DIX OF NEW YORK.

STATE OF NEW YORK,
EXECUTIVE CHAMBER,
ALBANY, 25th June, 1873. }

Hon. L. C. Dodge, Mayor, &c.:

DEAR SIR—I regret exceedingly that engagements here will not permit me to accept the invitation in behalf of the State of Vermont to be present at the ceremony of unveiling the statue of Ethan Allen, at Burlington, on the 4th of July next.

There are few of the gallant men identified with the establishment of our independence whose memory deserves so well to be perpetuated; and it would have given me the most sincere pleasure, if it had been in my power, to bear testimony, by my presence at the interesting ceremony referred to, to my grateful remembrance, as an American citizen and a native of New England, of his courage and patriotism.

With my thanks for the kind invitation tendered to me,

I am, dear sir,

Very truly yours,

JOHN A. DIX.

LETTER FROM EX-GOV. HALL.

NORTH BENNINGTON, June 26th, 1873.

DEAR SIR—I have had a strong desire, in compliance with your kind invitation, to be present on the ensuing anniversary of our national independence, at the Inauguration of the Statue of Ethan Allen, and until within a few days past I had hoped to do so. But I am now satisfied my health is not sufficiently strong to justify me in attempting to undergo the fatigue and excitement which would be necessarily incident to that interesting occasion.

Ethan Allen was known to his contemporaries, not only as one of the prominent founders of our State, but as a distinguished hero of the American Revolution, and as such he will ever be embalmed in history. I rejoice that his well earned marble Statue is to be conspicuously placed over his remains in the beautiful City of Burlington. In the just language of an eminent historian: "Ethan Allen was brave, generous and frank, true to his friends, true to his country, consistent and unyielding in his purposes, seeking at all times to promote the best interests of mankind, a lover of social harmony, and a determined foe to the artifices of injustice and the encroachments of power. Few suffered more in the

cause of freedom, and few bore their sufferings with a firmer constancy or a loftier spirit."

In view of his great and important services to the State and Nation, it is eminently fit that we of this generation who are enjoying the fruits of his exertions, should choose the anniversary day of our national independence to honor ourselves by conferring special honor on his memory.

Regretting my inability to be present with my brethren of the State, on the interesting occasion, I am, dear sir,

Very respectfully yours,

HILAND HALL.

*Hon. L. C. Dodge, Mayor of Burlington,
and Chairman of Local Committee.*

LETTER FROM EX-GOV. FLETCHER.

PROCTORSVILLE, Vt., June 3, 1873.

Hon. L. C. Dodge, Mayor, &c.:

DEAR SIR—The kind invitation communicated through your politeness, to attend the Inauguration of the Statue, is received. Several considerations render a compliance with the invitation highly gratifying. "That patriotic anniversary" is adapted to awaken the liveliest enthusiasm and the most grateful recollections. I had the honor of being connected with the preparation of the monument, and examined it, in company with your distinguished townsman, Hon. G. P. Marsh, soon after its erection. It will be an occasion of stirring interest, to visit again that consecrated spot.

Respectfully and sincerely yours,

RYLAND FLETCHER.

LETTER FROM U. S. SENATOR MORRILL.

STRAFFORD, Vt.. June 16, 1873.

Hon. L. C. Dodge, Mayor, Burlington, Vt.:

DEAR SIR—It would afford me great pleasure to accept of your cordial invitation of the 20th ult., and to be present at the Inauguration of the Statue of Ethan Allen on the 4th of July next in your City. I have delayed any response, hoping that I might be able to accept of an entertainment promising so much interest; but I shall be forced to deny myself the pleasure I am sure you have in store for your guests, and all who may be so fortunate as to be present.

I have several journies I am compelled to make in the next six weeks, and among hem one trip to your City, that I must not shirk, as Trustee of the University, and therefore I am reluctantly obliged to decline the invitation so courteously tendered.

With thanks, I am

Very truly yours,

JUSTIN S. MORRILL.

LETTER FROM JUDGE WHEELER.

JAMAICA, May 26, 1873.

Hon. L. C. Dodge, Mayor, &c.:

DEAR SIR—Your invitation to be present at the Inauguration of the Statue of Ethan Allen has been received, for which please accept my thanks. I will endeavor to be present if circumstances permit.

Yours very truly,

H. H. WHEELER.

LETTER FROM JUDGE ROSS.

ST. JOHNSBURY, June 30, 1873.

Hon. L. C. Dodge, Mayor, Burlington, Vt.:

MY DEAR SIR—I have delayed answering the kind invitation of the City of Burlington, extended through you, to be present on the 4th proximo, at the Unveiling of the Statue of Ethan Allen, to see if I could not complete my term of court here, so that I could accept the invitation. Much to my regret, I find it will be impossible for me to complete my labors here, and so shall be unable to be with your citizens on so interesting an occasion.

Your obedient servant,

JONATHAN ROSS.

LETTER FROM HON. DANIEL BALDWIN.

MONTPELIER, JULY 3, 1873.

Gov. Converse:

DEAR SIR—Gladly would I be with you and other members of the committee to-morrow, to take part in the services in honor of the first victor in the Revolutionary War; but the infirmities of age forbid. As it

is, my heart will be with you, and my thoughts will be of the early patriots and heroes. My birth was nearly contemporaneous with the organization of the national government, and when I had come to years of understanding most of the actors in the Revolutionary War were still living, and the youngest of them were in the fullest vigor of manhood. It was my lot to pay to several of them the reward allotted by the nation for their services, and thus from their lips I learned many of the incidents of the war. One thing, which so impressed me that I still remember it distinctly, relates to the event which the monument of Ethan Allen is to commemorate. It is this: While the patriotism of the men of the Revolution was of the strongest type, impelling them to sacrifice everything for independence, they had at the outset very little confidence of success. Contrasting, as they did, the widely separated and sparsely settled colonies, without a head, with the old, organized and mighty mother country, with her navy and armies and wealth to sustain her through a long contest, they said they feared they were unequal to the task they had undertaken, and knew not how or where to begin to accomplish any great thing. Then it was that the capture of Ticonderoga and Crown Point by Allen and Warner came to inspire them with the one thing needful, which was confidence. From that moment they felt equal to anything and hastened to attempt the conquest of Canada. Though they failed in that, the lessons of war which they had learned fitted them for the fight at Hubbardton, and the victories at Bennington and Saratoga. These were the fields in which the Green Mountain Boys were eminent, and I think it is just to accord to Allen and Warner the credit of fitting them for their work by the zeal and courage and confidence which they inspired.

The heroes of the Revolution are dead, and the men of the next generation, who knew them personally, are falling fast on every side. It is time, then, to perpetuate in marble the memorials of their virtues, that other generations may admire and imitate them in every period of national peril.

Very respectfully, your humble servant,

DANIEL BALDWIN.

LETTER FROM ETHAN A. ALLEN.

NEW YORK, July 3d, 1873.

L. C. Dodge, Esq., Mayor of Burlington, Vt.:

DEAR SIR—It was my intention to have done myself the pleasure of being with you to-morrow on the occasion of the Inauguration of the statue to my grandfather, Gen'l Ethan Allen, but circumstances beyond

my control will prevent me, which I assure you I much regret, particularly as I am the *only* surviving grandson of Gen'l Allen, and the occasion could not be otherwise than gratifying to me in witnessing the respect paid to one of our Revolutionary patriots, and that too eighty-four years after his death.

Yours very respectfully,

ETHAN A. ALLEN.

LETTER FROM MISS ANN ELIZA MUNSON.

To the Committee of Arrangements :

GENTLEMEN—The name of Ethan Allen occupies a place in the history of the family I represent, from the event of two little girls, five and seven years old, being lost in the woods of Sunderland, Vt., some 92 years ago, the younger of whom was my mother. From my earliest recollection I have heard her relate the story of *Ethan Allen and the lost children*. His name has thus been endeared to her family, and I now make this offering* to his memory as a small token of that high regard which is cherished by her children and grand-children.

In all the great and heroic deeds of his eventful life, are none more noble than this one which more especially relates to his private life, none more enduring; and I trust that this little incident will add something to the memory of that man, whose name will always be dear to all true Vermonters.

A. E. MUNSON.

The following account of the incident to which Miss Munson's note refers, appeared in the Burlington Sentinel, March 16, 1849.

NARRATIVE

OF THE REMARKABLE PRESERVATION OF TWO SMALL CHILDREN, LOST IN
SUNDERLAND, BENNINGTON CO., VERMONT, A. D. 1780.

On the last day of May, 1780, Keziah, aged seven, and Betsy, four years of age, daughters of Eldad Taylor, living in Sunderland, went into the woods towards the Roaring Branch, about one o'clock in the afternoon. After wandering about an hour or two they perceived they were lost. Their parents became alarmed two or three hours after their departure and several of their neighbors searched all night by torch

*A beautiful bouquet of hot-house flowers.

light. The second day the country was alarmed—people collected from Manchester, Arlington, Shaftsbury and Bennington. Col. Ethan Allen then lived in Sunderland, and was one of the first who came to the assistance of the distressed family. He avowed his determination to find the children, or look till he died, and took a sort of command of the party from the first. They were to advance at arm's length from each other in a line, keeping their range—carefully searching as they proceeded—no guns to be fired at game of any kind, or on any occasion, except as a signal when the children should be found. Several parties encamped in the woods and staid through the second night. The country for a great distance was in agitation, and on the third day, people came from the borders of Massachusetts and from Whitecreek, Salem and Cambridge, in the State of New York, until it was now believed by those now living who were present, that the number amounted to six or seven hundred. On the third day, the sun being three hours high, nearly the whole company came to the residence of the parents—faint, weary and hungry. They seemed to be discouraged and several were about to withdraw. At that critical moment, Col. Allen ascended a stump, and in a voice as loud as when he summoned the command of Fort Ticonderoga to surrender, he commanded attention. The people gave heed, and he addressed them in the most earnest manner—pointed to the afflicted and agonized parents who stood near him—begged every man to make the case his own and ask himself, if the lost children were his, whether he would go off, without making one more effort to find them. The tears fell fast from his cheeks, and it is believed that there were but few if any dry eyes in that assemblage of several hundred men. "I'll go—I'll go," was heard from every quarter of the crowd. They took to the woods with fresh courage and before the sun went down, as if to reward their kind intentions, the signal was fired—the lost children were found, and found alive. The signal was immediately answered by the main body. They were found by Captains Bull, Bartlett*, Underhill, and Dyer Bingham, who had by some means been separated from the main body and were not at the house when Col. Allen addressed the multitude.

The children were soon brought in; and the company returned to the house of the parents. The company were then formed in two lines facing each other a few feet apart—the parents each with one of the lost children passed through, that all might see them;—Col. Allen walked immediately after the parents, making such observations as the occasion seemed to require. That done, the Colonel again ascended the stump, thanked the people very handsomely on behalf of the parents for their kindness, so long continued, and thanked God most heartily for their success. The people then departed peaceably to their homes.

From a late relation of one of the persons it appears that after perceiving they were lost, they exerted themselves to find their way back until after dark, when weary with walking and crying they sank down and slept at the foot of a large tree. The next day they wandered in search of berries—the only substitute for food. They heard the sounding of horns frequently but did not know from what direction it proceeded;—this being the second day, they made a bed of hemlock boughs and moss upon a large rock, upon which they slept that night—and on that rock they were found. The younger child was sick and thirsty in the night—they got up, took hold of hands, groped their way down to the branch, drank and returned. On the third day near night they were seen by one of the four gentlemen above named; and the first exclamation, was "I've found 'em"—the children started up from their bed, fearing they were Indians. One of the gentlemen said, "Will you go with us?" the eldest replied, "Yes, if you be Indians we'll go with you if you'll

* Capt. Benjamin Bartlett now resides in Jericho, Vt.

carry us home to our father and mother." One of the number immediately gave them a small quantity of moistened bread and brought them in as soon as possible.

Betsey, the younger of the two children, is the wife of Captain John Munson, now living in the town of Burlington, Vt.

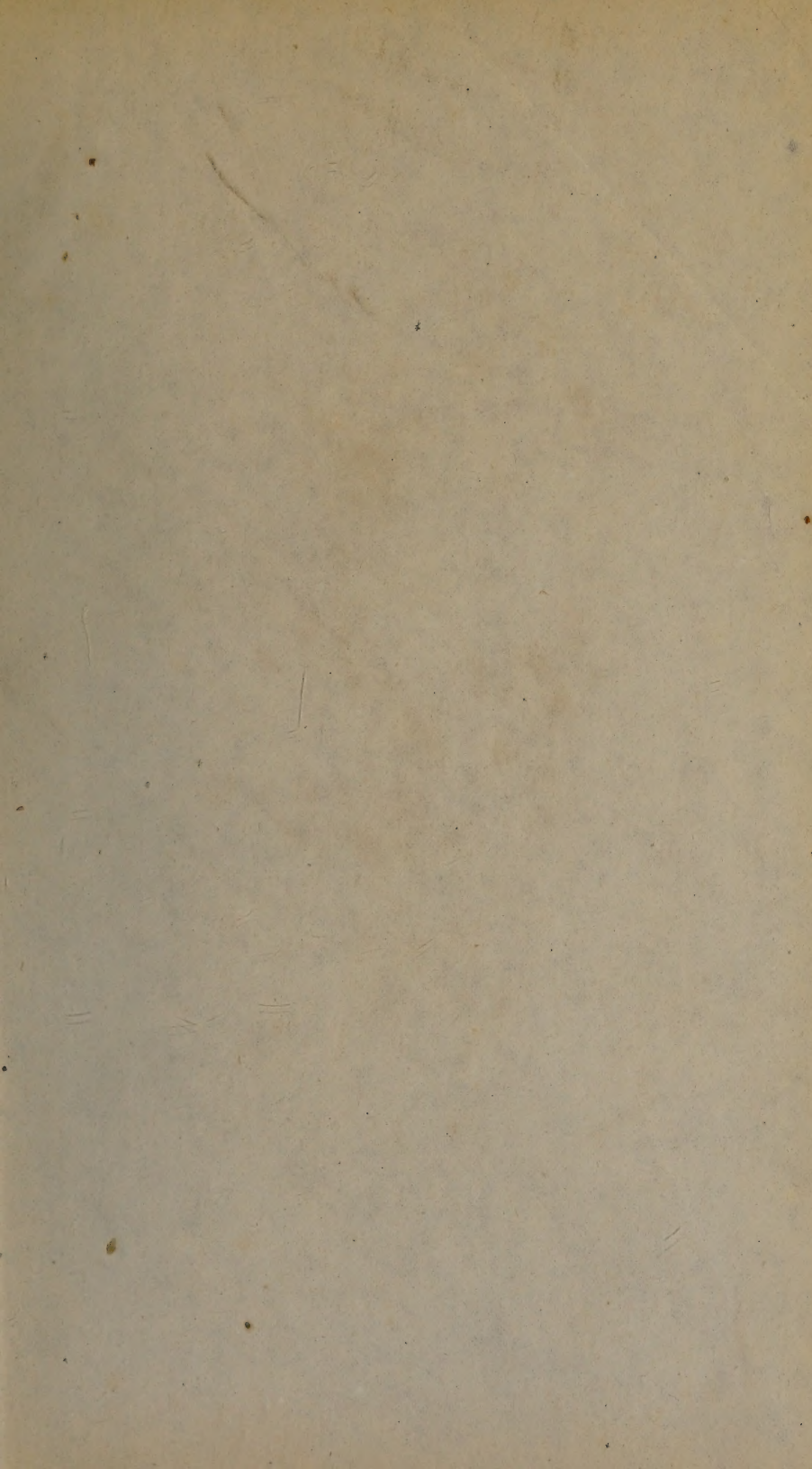
The eldest of the two was the wife of John Jones, and died some years since at Williston, Vt.





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